Before the Expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To Vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Attturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abusde.
Ross. It stands your Grace vpon, to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But

But for his owne;
We all haue strong
And let him ne're
Yorke. Well, wel
I cannot mend it,
Because my power
But if I could, by h
I would attach you
Vnto the Soueraig
But since I cannot,
I do remaine as new
Vnlesse you please
And there repose y
Bul. An offer V
But we must winne
To *Bristow* Castle, w
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, an
The Caterpillers of
Which I haue sworn
Yorke. It may be
For I am loth to br
Nor friends, nor foe
Things past redresse

Enter Earle of of
Welch. My Lord
And hardly kept our
And yet we heare no
Therefore we will dis
Salis. Stay yet and
The King reposeth a
Welch. Tis thoug
The Bay-trees in our
And Meteors fright
The pale-fac'd Moon
And leane-look't Pro
Rich men looke sadd
The one in feare to lo